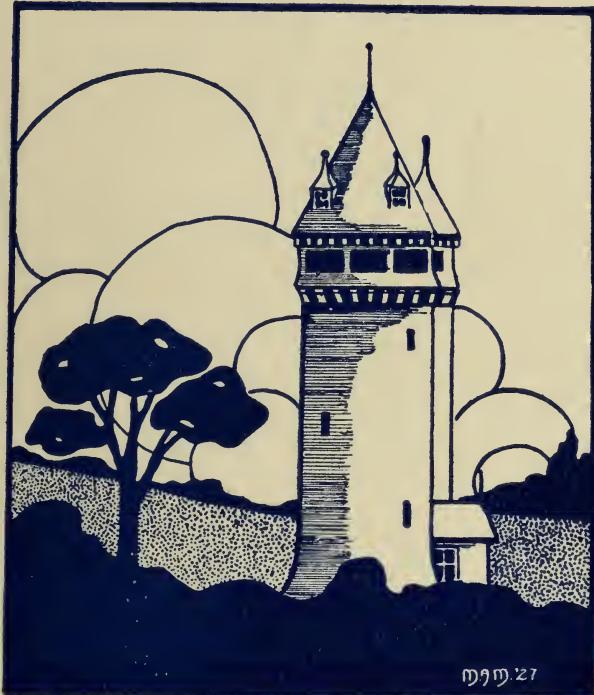


The CHIMES



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THE CHIMES

Vol. 1**June, 1924****No. 3**

THE CHIMES

Member of



Published by the Students of the Scituate High School, Scituate,
Massachusetts

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The Editorial Staff of THE CHIMES takes this opportunity to thank the members and teachers of the school who have so willingly helped us to make this project of publishing a school paper a success.

An Editorial Staff cannot make a paper. Everyone must work together. This year we have succeeded in getting the support of a few. However, in order to make the coming numbers successful, there must be greater cooperation.

This is the first attempt. Carry it on!

GERTRUDE STANLEY, *Editor-in-Chief.*

When you sit down to write for a school, you are supposed, I believe, to give *Advice*. When I was in school, they all did it to me—congressmen, mayors, visiting celebrities, all the teachers—and now after thirty years I am taking my revenge on the Scituate High School. Here goes:

When you finish your formal school education, whatever else you do, keep up with the newspapers. Become a habitual newspaper reader. Only read them right. Skim if you wish the scandal, stories and crime-stories, but that part of the newspapers which deals with larger affairs—that, for such of you as do not go to college, will be your real higher education. Especially, if you want to be first-grade American citizens of your time, keep up with foreign affairs. In my day, that was not so important. Great Britain could have a revolutionary election, France and Germany could go to war, without affecting us in the least. That time has passed whether we like it or no. Europe, and to a slighter degree Asia, can do nothing vital without affecting our United States. In that wonderful generation through which you are going to live, your citizenship will be a little blind and incomplete if you do not know how other peoples think and feel and regulate their affairs.

WILL IRWIN.

When I was graduated from High School many years ago, it seemed to me that enough advice was showered on me to last for the whole rest of my life. Perhaps it was then that my complex on the subject of advice started. At any rate I discovered, as I developed, that I did not particularly enjoy giving or receiving it. Whenever anybody has asked my advice about writing, which is the only thing I seem to know something about, I have given it freely enough, always adding at the end though, "Disregard all advice—including this." But I have made a discovery that life has a way not only of smashing out most cherished beliefs and theories, but of getting us in situations where we are compelled to do the thing we have vowed we never would do. This is all preliminary to warning the graduating class of the Scituate High School that I am about to give them some advice. I shall not blame any one of them, however, if he refuses to read further than this.

I took four years of French in the Boston Girls' High School. I had very good teachers, and they gave me a really fine grounding in the language. Before we were graduated, the principal read us a statement of some forgotten author, to the effect, that if after leaving school, one gave five minutes a day to a foreign language, he would be a master of it—from the reading point of view at least—after ten years. I thought a great deal about that bit of advice, but not enough to follow it. As years went by I read a little French now and then, but I did not make a habit of it.

Suddenly years after, I accompanied my husband, Will Irwin, to the World War. I stayed in France two years before, and about a year after the Armistice. Subsequently, I have since visited Europe twice for long periods. I know that I do not have to tell any one of you how bitterly I regret that I had not kept to that schedule of five minutes a day of French. Not that the reading of French would have made it possible for me to speak French. That could come only by practice. But inevitably if I had kept up the reading, I would have taken the lessons which would have made the speaking possible. Fortunately, that good grounding which I got in the Girls' High School stayed by me. I was always able to read the papers. And, of course, I could get about with what French I had. I could shop or take a taxi, order a meal, and manage fairly well while travelling. But when it came to conversation in French—and I was meeting French people all the time, some of them highly distinguished—I had, unless the conversation switched to English, to sit silent, getting such flashes of the conversation as I could.

I know I do not have to tell you what my advice is. Five minutes a day of whatever language you have learned, French, German, or if by any chance you have had a chance at it, Spanish. A great change has come over the world family since the World War. One of the few good things that have come out of it is the breaking down of barriers between peoples. We have all been drawn closer, both by our hates and our loves. Never before was a foreign language so necessary to one's commercial, social or artistic equipment. Obviously in Europe at this moment French is the most necessary of all. Almost everybody in business in Europe speaks some French. In America, Spanish is the most necessary; for everybody south of our southern border to Cape Horn—except Brazil—speaks Spanish. South America is a great undeveloped continent. More and more Americans are engaging in business which takes them there.

By all means keep up your French if you have it. By all means keep up your German, Spanish, Italian, if you have any of them.

Disregard all other advice if you wish, but not this.

INEZ HAYNES IRWIN.

ALUMNI NOTES

When we as a school started our publication called THE CHIMES we immediately thought of our alumni, as an alumni association means much to a school or college. Immediately an alumni editor was chosen who set to work planning a way to get in touch with our former graduates. Finally the decision was reached to send a letter to one member of each class asking for the names and present addresses of his classmates. In almost every case the alumnus called upon answered fully and quickly.

THE CHIMES

Mrs. Henry T. Bailey	Mrs. John Fitts
Mrs. Israel Dalby	Mrs. Ansel Servan
Miss Margaret Sullivan	Mrs. Charles Litchfield
Mr. Henry A. Litchfield	Mrs. W. Irving Lincoln
Miss Martha Seaverns	Miss Mary O'Connor
Mrs. Harold Poland	Mrs. Harry Handy
Mrs. William A. Dickson	Mrs. Warren Stearns
Mr. Percival G. Pratt	Miss Esther Spaulding
Mrs. Herbert Wilder	Mrs. Peter Somers
Mr. Alan Litchfield	Mr. Harold Cole
Miss Marie Ward	Mrs. Richard B. Hudson
Miss Lillian MacQuarrie	Miss Ethyl Duffey
Mrs. William F. Murphy	Mrs. Willis Totman
Miss Helen Curtis	Miss Evelyn Clapp

Mrs. Carl Stenbeck

Addresses of the members of the older classes containing only four or five graduates and those of the more recent classes were obtained about the school. In other classes there was not one familiar name at the time when the letters were sent out, but since that time the under-graduates have been scouting around and have aided in this project. We are still endeavoring, however, to find the present addresses of the following. If the names of your friends appear in this list please send their addresses to the Alumni Editor.

- 1887—Alice Sheppard, Thomas E. Cummings.
- 1888—Nellie Cottle.
- 1889—Mary Simmons, Blanche Mott, Rufus Clapp.
- 1890—William Coleman.
- 1892—May Towne, Edmund Manson, Jr.
- 1894—Charles Manson.
- 1895—Henry Sampson.
- 1897—William Hern, Mary Damon.
- 1901—Jesse Ellms, Albert Dalby, Edith Turner.
- 1903—Lou Frost, Sara Reeves.
- 1905—Alice Lee, Herbert Webb.
- 1908—Lillian Litchfield, Agnes Flanders, Effie Paige.
- 1909—Mildred Vose.
- 1910—Irma Cole, Helen Collier.
Walter Elliott, Dale Gaffney.
- 1912—Lawrence Haywood, Royal Richardson.
- 1917—Helen Gaffney.
- 1918—Hazel Ramsdell.

The following are excerpts of letters received from alumni in connection with the recent questionnaire which we sent out in our attempt to gain the names and addresses of our graduates. Because of lack of space it is impossible to print all the letters here, but the following give some idea of the feelings of the alumni and expressions of their willingness to help in any way possible.

"I hope that the Alumni number of the school paper will be as excellent as the numbers I have had the pleasure of seeing."

H. C. L., '11.

"Wishing you and yours all success in the undertaking that lies before you."

H. A. L., '91.

"Hoping that this will be satisfactory and if there is any other way in which I can help you to make your paper a success I will be only too glad to do so."

L. MacQ., '14.

"I am glad that someone is taking enough interest in the Scituate High School to revive or renew the Alumni Association which for several years was carried so successfully. Sincerely and with all good wishes for your success."

E. M. S., '06.

"There were nineteen in our class and I have been very fortunate in obtaining the desired information.

"I have been very much interested in THE CHIMES and have enjoyed the copies which you have already published.

"If there is any other assistance that you need, I shall be very glad to help you in any way that I am able."

C. J. M., '16.

Tacoma, Washington,

May 7, 1924.

Dear Editor:

The Easter number of THE CHIMES reached me today. As I am flat on my back in a hospital here recovering from an operation perhaps the paper seemed to me more than it might have at any other time, "a breath from home". Even the advertisements seemed like messages from old friends and they cheered me up so much. Scituate and everything pertaining to it is very dear to me and I shall always have a strong interest in the High School.

Your paper is worthy of great praise and is a credit to you all and to the town.

I was interested in the list of alumni.

Assuring you of my interest in your paper, I am,

Most sincerely,

M. C. W., '12.

"The Class of 1882 was the first to hold a public graduation.

We wish you great success with THE CHIMES, we thought the first issue very good looking. Mr. Bailey thinks the cover design excellent."

J. M. B., '82.

"I have just finished reading your two issues of THE CHIMES, and consider the paper an excellent school publication. Articles, editorials, and alumni notes are of much interest to me, an alumna."

G. H. D., '01.

Below I am publishing a table, the chronology of positions held by Mr. Edwin Newdick, a graduate of the Scituate High School Class '01, and a graduate of Dartmouth College, Class '05.

Private teaching, Massachusetts

Reporter on Springfield Republican, Springfield, Mass.

Investigator for New York Tenement House Committee, New York City

Reporter and special writer for Boston Journal and Christian Science Monitor

Washington Correspondent for Christian Science Monitor, Washington, D. C.

Examiner of War Labor Board, Washington, D. C.

Publicity Director, U. S. War Department, Washington, D. C.

Publicity Director, National Committee for organizing Iron and steel workers, Chicago, Illinois

Managing editor, Oklahoma Leader, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

Publicity counsel, American Committee for Relief in Ireland, New York City

Director, Boston office of the Labor Bureau, Inc.

Chairman Haverhill Shoe Board, Haverhill, Mass., Neutral Arbitrator—Mr. Newdick's official title is Neutral Arbitrator, but he is chairman of the Board

(This list was submitted by one of Mr. Newdick's classmates.)

B. O'CONNOR, '23, *Editor.*



ADDITIONS TO THE SCHOOL LIBRARY

Since our school library was only opened in September, it is surprising to see how many books we have. We started with simply a cabinet of books and now we have two large book-cases completely filled. We also have the numerous school magazines which are sent to the Exchange Editor of our school paper, THE CHIMES.

The Class of 1923 has given the library some of the most valuable additions of the year. Among them is a set of encyclopedias which are beautifully bound and give information on all subjects.

Another addition by last year's class has been a book on "How

to be an Athlete," by Hammett Lundgren. Both boys and girls have found this book interesting and helpful. It covers most athletics including football, baseball, track and tennis.

We wish to express our hearty appreciation to Mr. Arthur Damon of Egypt for the presentation of the Boston Daily Transcript to the school library. This paper is proving itself invaluable to students studying current events. Also students are able to read articles and opinions of our leading men and women.

The Commercial Department of the school has also given the library a number of useful and interesting books. Among them is "The World Almanac for 1924" which is very helpful.

The Scituate Woman's Club has given a book, "Who's Who in America," which contains the biographies of leading American men and women.

A number of very fine books have been presented to the library by Mrs. George Welch, who is well-known in Scituate.

We appreciate the interest in our school which these people have shown in one of the best ways possible. So as the end of the year draws near we note with satisfaction the improvements in our library and heartily express our appreciation to those who have helped to make it successful.

RAY ELLIS, '26.

MISS JOHNSON'S TALK

On Friday, the eleventh of April, Miss Johnson, a nurse from the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, spoke about nursing to the young ladies of the high school. She said that altho we had not thought of nursing as a career, some of us might find ourselves nurses some day.

She told us that she had taught school for nine years. One day Miss Johnson went to visit a little girl, one of her pupils, who was then in a hospital. The girl had noticed a marked resemblance between her teacher and one of the nurses. So Miss Johnson went to the hospital out of curiosity to see the woman who resembled her so strongly and sure enough she did look like Miss Johnson. Miss Johnson thought to herself, "Altho you may resemble me, you'll never see me wearing a nurse's uniform." Yet, inside of eighteen months she was a nurse. This incident shows that you can never tell what will happen.

She told us that it was usually the father who objected to his daughter's being a nurse. But if he really thought it over, he would realize that there is nothing so helpless as a sick man. In the course of training at the Massachusetts General Hospital one is taught to take care of old people as well as younger persons.

To take the course of training for a nurse one must have studied physics, chemistry, Latin and science at school. The usual age of the young women that take the course is twenty-two. This is the best age because a girl must be thoroughly independent if she wants to be a nurse. The strictest rule at the Massachusetts General Hospital is "Be on time." If a nurse is scheduled to be on

duty at three o'clock she *must* be there at three o'clock, not five minutes past three. This was the most emphasized fact in Miss Johnson's speech.

Referring to this fact, she told an interesting story about her niece, Statira Johnson. When the family went to church, Statira was always the last one ready altho her room was left as neat as a pin. So when she wanted to be a nurse and train at the Massachusetts General Hospital, her father and brothers teased her and told her that she would never be on time for duty. Nevertheless, she went and trained to be a nurse. One day after her return home, they were going to church and Statira was the first one ready but her room was left just as neat as usual. Her brother looked at her and said, "Statira, you here?" "Yes," said Statira, "this is what the training at the hospital did for me."

Miss Johnson said that if one failed the course the first year she would be given a second chance, providing that the nurses considered her worth while and that she had been trying hard.

I wonder how many girls in the Scituate High School will be nurses ten years from now. Perhaps a great many, perhaps none, who knows?

E. COLE, '26.

LUCK

There are some people who apparently have very easy comfortable lives, everything seems to work out right for them. We all know the sort of people. They win their games; they do good work at school and get special praise from the teachers; they find things easy; and when they leave school, they soon find good positions. We say they were born under a lucky star. Sometimes we may feel a little envious that all luck should go to them, and wonder why a little might not be spared for us.

The early people, for example the Romans, used to distress themselves greatly over their uncertain luck. We have all read of their goddess, Fortuna, who had wings or a wheel or a ball to signify her changes and who gave people success or failure, joy or happiness for no rhyme or reason except to satisfy her whims. But we are not early Romans and fortunately, we have not the Roman gods or goddesses to play games with our lives. We know perfectly well that there is no uncertain-tempered dame giving luck to some and taking it from others. On the contrary we know that the God we believe in has no moods and whims, but is fair and just to all.

What then is this luck that comes to some and not to others? Do the lucky ones earn it and deserve it?

Let us watch one of the lucky ones. There is something confident about him; the way he looks, the way he speaks, the way he sets about doing things. When he turns us at the diamond for the ball game, he is confident; he has evidently made up his mind to win. If the ball is knocked out into the long grass and lost, he is sure he will find it, and he does. When he is given a task at

school, he promptly decides he will have it done by a certain time, and he does. He takes his luck quite for granted. It never enters his head that he will fail. If he gets a setback, if something does not work out as he expects he sets his teeth, redoubles his determination, and very soon his luck is back again.

Luck is more than anything else the way you look at life. The unlucky one is he or she who says, "I wonder if I can do it," or "I may be able to," or "Oh, if only I could," or "I do hope I can."

The lucky one never pauses to consider whether he can do it or not, he goes right at it and does it.

If you are not satisfied with your luck, begin right away to change it. Train it to come your way. It cannot be done easily or quickly. It takes time and constant effort, but once it begins to come, it will come thicker and faster. Nothing breeds and multiplies so rapidly as luck.

LEAVITT MORRIS, '25

RADIO

Even as it stands the radio apparatus is a great marvel. The air is loaded with speeches, with sermons, with music; and we are now able to reach out and take in whatever we want or like of them. So far our receiving apparatus allows us to catch only what has been issued especially for the purpose of being caught. What if men perfect these radio receivers and tune them so that they can catch every word a man speaks, no matter where he may be? Fancy how business might be mixed up if all a man said could be overheard by anyone who could tune in! Or how complicated love affairs might become, if all the tender things lovers say to one another, could be listened to by anyone who had the right sort of a machine.

What treasures there are still to be explored by us in the invisible air surrounding us, no one can tell us yet. All that we are sure of so far is that we can catch speeches, songs, or music, thrown into the air in a certain way. But from that, and from what investigators tell us, we infer that there is little fear that discovery and invention will end with this generation. There will always be more to find out! How this radical idea confutes the arguments of the ancient materialists who believed only what they could see, feel, or understand! Here is this radio machine having a wire connecting with an aerial line of wire outside. You can see nothing in the air, hear nothing. Then you put the receivers joined to the machine over your ears, and you find the air is full of speech of which you were never aware! There is more in the universe than the unaided sense of man's philosophy is aware of—very much more. The man who believes only what he can see or feel or understand, believes very little of what there is to be believed in. It is his loss if he fails to acquire the connecting links, which would enable him to know and communicate with voices and powers, unseen, but ever near to him.

The present age will be famous in history as the one in which so many "impossible" things were actually done. The miracle of last year is the commonplace of this year. All the world has been converted on a radio basis. The advertisement of men's clothes in newspapers, instead of showing those superb specimens of humanity playing golf or breaking traffic laws in high-powered autos, represents them as listening in on the radio.

Just now anyone who has any money to spend, spends it on the radio. Unless something is done soon the phonograph will be retired to the attic.

"Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears," exhorted Mark Anthony when he was defending the memory of Caesar. The modern public man doesn't even have to ask the people to lend him their ears, as their ears are already glued to radio phones or cocked to catch every syllable given out by a loud speaker attachment.

The radio fan doesn't have to stay at the baseball or football game that is going against his favorite side; he can pass on to something else. He can treat himself to a symphony concert from New York; a comic opera from Schenectady; a sermon from Pittsburgh; a lecture from Dallas on how to fight the boll-weevil; a play from Chicago, a propaganda speech from somewhere telling what fine fellows the Russian bolshevists are; or a paid boost from somewhere else urging the people to vote for wine and beer, or to buy Uncle Geezer's books of stories for children. If he has a suitable set he can listen to a church choir in Montreal singing in French, or to a cafe orchestra in San Francisco playing jazz. If he gets tired he can crawl into bed and be lulled to sleep by a beautiful soprano who is singing "Just a Kiss" for him in Cincinnati.

The radio has captured the men as no other novelty ever has. In fact any male, no matter how young or old, is subject to the radio germ—and when the germs gets to working, it will go mighty hard with the victim. He becomes completely demoralized, if not demented. He isn't content to sit before a radio outfit and listen to what is coming in; as soon as he gets a station he has been fishing for, he passing on to something else.

He buys a little "Book on 1001 Hookups" and starts with number one and goes right through the book. He tries every possible and impossible combination. He keeps buying crystals, cat whiskers, detector and amplifier tubes, ticklers, boosters, batteries, aerials etc., until he hasn't a cent left. Everything in and out the house is subject to his radio experiments. He connects up with telephone wires, electric lights, gas pipes, the door knob, the piano strings, the clothes-line, the wire fence, the tin roof, the weather vane. He dumps the breakfast food away and uses the carton to wind a new coil on. He connects his battery to the bird cage and kills the bird. Nothing escapes his wild and roving eye.

But aside from all that the radio is an excellent means of enjoyment. The variety of entertainment is the first thing the radio enthusiast points out in naming the good qualities of the wireless

telephone. As a means of joy and culture the radio should have a place in every American home.

MARTHA K. LINCOLN, '24.

DRAMATICS

On Thursday evening, May 22, the students of the Seituate High School presented a very pleasing vaudeville show at the Satuit Theatre, Seituate Harbor. The theatre which has a seating capacity of about six hundred was full before the curtain rose at 8 o'clock.

The first number on the program was an overture by the orchestra. This was followed by the Humdinger Hummers' Company, the Boys' Glee Club.

The second number was Fresh Timothy Hay, given by the Timothy, Bird and Rose Company, featuring Miss Sallie Murphy, Lawrence Peters, and Robert Gardner. This was followed by Signor Leviani, the world famous cornetist. John Prouty played the selections in a very pleasing manner. Abie and Ikey, Hebrew humorists, then appeared. This act would have to be seen to be appreciated Richard Wherity and Edward Driscoll certainly did their best to put on a realistic piece of work.

After another selection by the orchestra, a two-act play, "The Office Boy Makes Good" was presented by the Senior Commercial Club. The cast was as follows:

Diogenes (looking for a perfect secretary)	Herbert Frye
Mr. Carroll (the boss)	Mr. Martin
Jimmie (the office boy)	Gertrude Stanley
Miss Devine (up-to-date stenographer)	Evelyn Bonney
Miss Corliss (another stenographer)	Priscilla Fish
Stacey Smith (file clerk)	George Murphy
Miss Moore (first applicant for secretary's position)	

Mae Flaherty

Miss Mann (second applicant for secretary's position)

Helen Jellows

In the second act Mae Flaherty took the part of Marie, the office girl, and Gertrude Stanley, the former office boy made good, returned to the office and secured the position of private secretary. He worked up to this position by applying himself diligently at night school.

The sketch, "Mutt and Jeff", mutilating music and magic, was well played by Franklin Sharp and Wallace Torrey. Two better characters for this act could not have been found.

Miss Lois Wilson as Miss A. Young Sophomore, the lightning change artist, read remarkably well.

Troupe Vivianni, Spanish songsters and dancers, composed of the Girls' Glee Club then appeared. The costumes and scenery in this act were wonderful, when one stops and thinks that it was all prepared by high school students.

The Boys' Glee Club again appeared in a Carolina Cornfield Glee. This number was followed by a finale, "That Old Gang of Mine", by the entire group in costume.

Such a creditable performance could not have been staged if it had not been backed by competent workers. Therefore, we take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to Mr. William Wolff of the Wolff, Fording Company, Boston, Mass., for the wigs and make-up used at this performance and to Mr. Jack Minsky of the same company for his kindness in coming to the theatre on May 22nd to make-up the actors. The make-up proved invaluable to the performance.

We also wish to thank Mrs. Ward, our art director, for the work which she did in planning and preparing the scenery; Miss Bradford, our music instructor, for the splendid work shown in the dances and other Glee Club numbers. Mr. Martin, our principal, was another tireless worker, and much of the coaching fell on his shoulders. All of the above mentioned were hard workers, but the scenery, music, and acting showed that some one was interested and worked.

The scenery and costumes were planned by our Pageantry Class, and the Spanish shawls were made by our art classs under Mrs. Ward's supervision. The Boys' Spanish costumes were made by the Household Arts Class with the help of Miss Barrows. The orchestra numbers were furnished by the Prouty Orchestra composed of Mrs. Bessie Prouty, pianist; Mr. Waldo Bates, basso violinist; Miss Jane Prouty, violinist; Mr. John Prouty, cornetist. Mr. Malcolm Merritt of our high school orchestra aided them with the drum.

The following criticism of our play was received from Mr. Wolff:

"The performance last Thursday evening given at the Satuit Playhouse by the High School pupils was certainly entertaining from many points of view, and great credit is due to the different people who did the coaching.

"There were moments when the performance dragged slightly, probably due to the anxiety of some of the comedy stunts trying too hard to be funny, and not realizing that "brevity is the soul of wit." Making the audience wait while acts are being prepared is never very interesting, but with all, everything was most wholesome and clean.

"The most interesting portion of the entertainment was when the young ladies entered in their beautiful and picturesque Spanish ensemble. The effect of the artistic costuming and striking original scenery was equal to any production on the professional stage. The Art Class, who is responsible for the beautifully painted Spanish shawls and the scenic effects, can not be too highly commended for their work, and they should feel amply repaid for the success they achieved.

"The orchestra and musical numbers added greatly to making a pleasant evening. In fact, the entire performance had the appearance of having been in the hands of a competent head."

The Senior Class, Scituate High School, is planning to present a two-act play, "Step Lively", on Monday Evening, June 23. Watch for it.

B. O'Connor, Editor.

"The world is so full of beautiful things,
That we all ought be happy as kings."

But are we? Isn't there always something wrong? Something perhaps over which we have no control, and which is not helped by worry and fuss.

Why not for a change leave all your worries and troubles in some corner and visit Nature. She has scores of surprises waiting for you. Some of them you never thought of before.

See that tiny chickadee over there? With a saucy flirt of his brown tail, he seems to say, "Well, what are you looking for? Plenty to see isn't there? 'Bout time you'd come out." Then with a happy chirp and twitter he is off. You will soon forget your misfortunes. Nature will not let you remember them.

Did you ever read any of the stories in the sky? No? Then here is an opportunity for you to use your imagination. They are not written there in black and white for you to reel off as you would Latin. No one will tell you how to translate or interpret them. You can do this to suit your own fancy.

And the sea! No artist or story-teller, no matter how great his skill or talent, can ever convey to you the thrill you get when you watch it. See those great, gray breakers ride majestically in, the wind sweeping the white foam from their crests. Then with a deafening roar they thunder in on the beach, the snowy foam racing far out on the gray sands. Sometimes a night when a silvery moon looks serenely down from a star-studded sky, all the world listens to the music of the sea. Hardly a breeze stirs the ever-whispering pines, now conversing in soft low tones. Moonbeams dance, glitter, sparkle and skimmer on the deep blue ocean. In a deep voice that echoes and re-echoes along the beach, splashing and lapping on the rocks, the waters tell many stories, some very, very old; of Oriental cities where yellow-skinned, slant-eyed peoples wind their way through dark, narrow streets; of tropical islands, where dark-skinned natives dive deep in the sparkling waters for priceless pearls; of the cold Northland where fur-clad Eskimos skim over the glistening snows.

The charm of the sea is irresistible. To any one that really knows it, it is a true friend, one that never grows monotonous. Sometimes it seems to be sobbing along the shore, as if sorry and repentant for all the danger it has caused and for the damage it has done. Again it is fired with unconquerable passion and fury, and it beats out its anger against the wave-worn rocks.

And then the sunsets, how interesting they are. Nature gives each one a touch of individuality that makes it distinctly different from any other.

One could go on seemingly forever telling of such things. Birds, flowers, trees, winds, storms, all have an important place in Nature's Wonderland.

And so it is, everywhere, on rainy days, cold days, gray days, and every day are wonderful things waiting to be discovered. There are enough worries and troubles in the world now. Don't look for more. Instead look for things that bring happiness and joy. And if you look, you will find them. H. HEALY, '26.



A miss is not always as good as a mile.

The baseball season opened this year with a game against the Alumni. Though the High School team lost, they showed reasonably good form, considering their lack of practice. After the game on April 19 in which the team was defeated in the opener, they dropped two games, one to Randolph and one to Duxbury, before coming back with a decisive win over Cohasset.

For the past few years Powder Point has been considered Seituate's hardest opponent. As they have more opportunities to practice and much more material to pick from, the prep school usually has beaten us badly. And they beat us this year—but not “badly” because with a little more practice our team could equal theirs if not outplay it. The outfield is getting into better shape and the whole team is gradually strengthening itself.

Our one victory so far was so encouraging that it overshadowed the defeats received and put new life into the team. The Seituatue team completely outplayed and outbatted Cohasset on her home field.

Wherity, who was not on last year's team, has proved himself a pitcher who is going to be a great help in this and the coming seasons. He pitched an extra good game at Powder Point, and if he receives good support Seituatue should win every game remaining on her schedule. Curran is a steady performer behind the plate, and he and Wherity team up well together. Curran was kept out of the Powder Point game because of illness. Rice was shifted by Coach Norton, from the outfield to cover the home plate, where he did some fine work.

The rest of the squad are fielding their positions well and are doing some fairly good hitting. Murphy, McCarthy and Dwyer are playing their usual good games at their respective places; while Stanley, Hyland and Cole are working consistently to hold down their positions.

Randolph defeated Scituate High on the town common by the score of 9 to 7. Scituate staged a rally in the ninth when Murphy hit a triple with the bases loaded, scoring three runs but falling short of tying the game by two runs. The score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	R	H	E
Randolph	0	0	1	2	0	4	0	0	2	9	17	5
Scituate	0	0	1	2	0	0	0	0	4	7	12	8

Batteries—Holbrook and Slattery; Wherity and Curran.



BOYS' BASEBALL TEAM OF '24





GIRLS' BASEBALL TEAM OF '24

LITERARY

JOYCE

"Monsieur Johns and Co., in the smashing hit 'The Eleventh Hour,'" was emblazoned in red letters on a white background in almost every merchant's show-window in Danville. Accompanying these posters were photographs of the players in poses from the play.

The long-heralded event was now very near at hand. For weeks the people of Danville had been discussing excitedly the prospects of this highly novel diversion offered by one M. Johns.

Jack Dari, editor of the Danville-News, had not found it difficult to wax loquacious on the subject of the coming performance. Indeed after reading his editorials, the half-interested immediately became wholly aroused to the possibilities of the stage.

The editor, a brisk and energetic young man with reasonable aspirations for the future, basked in the glory which his editorials brought to him. He hoped to go to the city at some future date, and join a large newspaper firm, but for the present his thoughts were wrapped up in the Danville News.

And now the great day was at hand and excitement was at its highest pitch. Perhaps the most excited of all was Joyce Kane. Joyce, at an early age, had developed a faculty for reciting. She had always been keenly interested in the stage and secretly determined to be a great actress some day in the future. Meanwhile she had won medals at school and studied dancing through a cor-

respondence school. After she graduated from high school, she resolved to study acting through the same method as she had studied dancing. Consequently she practised ardently various emotions in front of her mirror. Her father, watching her perform these physical gyrations declared her latest "fad", as he called it, worse than the classic dancing.

Then came the great news of M. John and his company. Joyce became so filled with the universal excitement that she even induced her parents to allow her to take a room at the Bailey Inn where she learned M. Johns and Co. were to stay. She had viewed the six photographs and had experienced love at first sight with one pictured face, that of a very immaculate young man.

"Surely the leading man," she thought.

The train bearing the actors was due at seven o'clock, and by six-thirty the station and platform were lined with townspeople eager to catch a glance of the celebrities. Foremost among their ranks was Joyce.

"Oh," she breathed to the girl on her right, "won't it be wonderful to have real actors from New York come to this little town?"

The girl excitedly assented, keeping her gaze fastened on the distant bend in the tracks.

Finally a prolonged whistle was heard and the train came puffing into the station.

As if amazed at the sight of so many people, it stopped spasmodically in front of the station. Everyone held his breath for the coming event was an incident which he might tell through the generations.

Slowly the passengers alighted. First came a middle-aged man, rather stout and heavily laden with bundles, boxes and an umbrella. This was M. Johns.

Next came three ladies all presumably in the early thirties but very dusty and weary appearing. Their clothes were drab and covered with the dust of the journey.

They also carried bags and umbrellas. Following them were two men, not young, and that seemed to be all.

Joyce gave a gasp of disappointment. HE hadn't come!

The crowd had turned away, their excitement somewhat dimmed by the drab appearance of the actors, when suddenly their attention was arrested by the appearance of an immaculately dressed young man, a cigarette in his mouth and a cane on his arm, strolling leisurely down the platform.

"That's him," ecstatically whispered Joyce.

"Who?" queried a voice.

"Why the leading man, of course," answered Joyce as she followed in the wake of the crowd which was straining to get a glimpse of this personage.

When the hotel was reached, the crowd dispersed and M. Johns and Co. were shown to their respective rooms.

Joyce could hardly wait for the reappearance of the distin-

guished stranger. She impatiently seated herself in a wicker chair on the hotel veranda and drew from her hand-bag a picture.

"Ah!" she murmured and gazed at the picture of Percival Smythe, leading man for M. Johns and Co. She had her plan of action carefully worked out. She would approach the stranger in a confidential way and inquire if he had seen John Barrymore lately. Then she would ask in a casual way if he would autograph her picture of him. Truly a wonderful plan!

From the midst of these pleasant dreams she was suddenly aroused.

"Ah, pawdon me, but would it inconvenience you if I occupied the next chaiah?" inquired a refined voice, and Joyce saw to her amazement the young actor of her dreams.

"Oh, not at all," she replied. Nonchalantly arranging her modishly smart skirt.

With a courteous bow, he sank into a wicker chair which gave forth a protesting squeak due to the age of the venerable piece of furniture.

"You're Percival Smythe, aren't you?" began Joyce without any preliminaries.

Mr. Smythe nodded his sleek head graciously.

"I am he," he announced.

"Not the Smythes of Philadelphia?"

He nodded.

"Oh, then! could you tell me what John Barrymore is doing now? I haven't seen him for an age, I really must write to him. Why only the last time we met he said 'Be sure and write and—'"

"Oh!" interposed Percival, "are you connected with the stage?"

"We-e-ll, I'm very much interested in the Little Theatre movement," said Joyce modestly.

"Oh! to be shuah," replied Mr. Smythe, "although I have never been at the Little Theatre, I have had several really smashing parts. They tell me that there is an immense part waiting for me now in New York. Of course the reason I am here is that I am just filling in a vacancy in the company as a personal favor to M. Johns," he finished with a deprecatory gesture.

Joyce produced the picture, at the same time looking her admiration.

"Last month when I was in New York I had a chance to meet some of my friends, Maude Adams, Mary Pickford, and some others and they all autographed their pictures for me, so I'd very much like to have yours as I am starting a collection. You will do this, won't you?" Joyce looked hopefully at Percival.

"Why-er, yes, of course," he began slowly. You see I was forced to put an end to autographing pictures as the demand began to be such a nuisance. Howevah I will do it as a favah to you." And drawing out a fountain pen, he inscribed his signature in a surprisingly cramped and painstaking manner upon the picture.

Joyce received this with exclamations of delight, and thus they

sat and talked while Danville gossiped. Of course Joyce was very up-to-date and modern, but was it right for to be flirting so outrageously with the new actor?

Jack Dare hurrying past the hotel saw the two. So Joy was going to throw him over in favor of the city fellow! Jack tried to comfort himself with the thought that he was to accompany Joyce to the performance that evening.

* * * * *

The curtain had just risen disclosing the interior of an expensively decorated room when Jack and Joyce arrived. She urged him to hurry, and they reached their seats just as the play commenced. Joyce sighed ecstatically and eagerly watched the stage.

As the play progressed, Jack began to experience a feeling of wonder which soon gave place to secret amusement. The hero of the play appeared to be one of the older men, a Mr. Roger King.

He whispered to Joyce, "I thought you said Mr. Smythe was the hero. This Roger seems to have the main part and anyway where is Smythe? I haven't seen him yet."

"Oh wait, it probably isn't time for him yet," she cautioned.

The play continued. Finally at a crucial moment Mr. Percival Smythe entered. His speech was brief and to the point, "Dinner is served, sir," and produced titters from the gallery. So the debonair Mr. Smythe was only the butler.

Jack kindly refrained from looking at Joyce. He thought her confusion would be profound, and when to his astonishment she gripped his arm and whispered, "Wasn't he wonderful?" Jack stared at her dumbly.

The curtain had gone down on the final act, and the people were putting on their wraps preparatory to leaving.

Jack stood up, "Well, let's be going," he said to Joyce.

But she, with a gesture silenced him, saying the while, "Oh wait a minute. Percival said he would be right out after the play and I promised to walk home with him."

And sure enough, strolling towards them, nattily attired, came Mr. Percival Smythe.

"Ah, there you awh," he greeted them generally. "Ripping good show, what?"

Joyce eagerly assented and Jack murmured something about an interview with M. Johns. Mr. Smythe quietly appropriated Joyce's arm and Jack went disconsolately to interview the Frenchman.

Gaining admittance to M. Johns' rooms, Jack proceeded with the business in hand.

"Tell me, M. Johns, something about your leading man," began Jack.

"Ah, you mean Meester King? A fine fellow, he will be great in the future," said M. Johns.

"Yes, I know, but what of Mr. Percival Smythe?" interrupted Jack impatiently.

"Meester Smythe? Oh, heem, a fine fellow but no brains, no

intelligence. I pass through a leetle village and find heem assisting his mother in a boarding house. He weesh very much to join my companee, so I say, 'Ver' wel, come along'. A fine fellow, but no brains."

Jack spent the busiest night of his life composing his masterpiece. The editorial for the Danville News was written to give Joyee Kane a jolt and cure her of her infatuation for Mr. Percival Smythe.

Taetfully and very expertly Jack rewrote his interview with M. Johns, omitting nothing and lightly veneering the whole with skill.

The next day the Danville residents wondered if there was a hidden meaning in Jack's editorial. Was he really laughing at the elegant young actor?

Jack, casually strolling by the Kane residence, was met at the gate by Mr. Kane.

"Fine piece in your paper, but say, why the slams on the good-looking young fellow?"

"Slams?"

"Why sure, ain't they slams?"

"Well—they were the exact words of M. Johns."

"Humph!"

"Has Joyee seen it?"

"Huh! Oh yes, she's out on the back porch counting flies; been setting there for nigh two hours. Why don't you go around and see her?"

Jack deeided that he would and presently seated himself beside Joyee on the back porch.

"Dreaming of Pereival?" queried Jack.

"No," she answered shortly.

Jack tried again, " 'Spose you're thinking of going to New York to try your luck at acting?"

"No," said Joyee again, "I'm thru with actors and acting."

MARGARET L. COLE '25.

THE FIRE

"Fire Fire!" was the cry which rang out on the still night air. "Dang! Dang! Dang!" the loud clang of the fire engine was heard. With sparks flying, firemen hanging on, the city's largest fire engine, the pride of New York, came whizzing down the street.

The biggest apartment house in New York was burning; flames leaped up toward the sky which now reflected a bright red. Sparks and smoke flew from the windows and doors. In the

streets policemen were trying their best to keep back the ever-growing mob.

Life nets, ladders and every available thing was in use for the rescue of the people. Swiftly the men counted the rescued people. Two people were missing. Who were they?

"There is some one jumping into the net!" some one cried.

The firemen looked. It was a girl about seven years old. When she stood up, the people asked her who else was up in the house.

"Oh, it's my little brother Johnny, and he doesn't dare jump," sobbed the little girl. "Do go get him; he is only four."

The chief of the fire department turned and looked up at the burning building just in time to see a small boy waving his arms and crying. In a moment ladders were up, but they did not reach the roof. The people were yelling and pushing. Finally some one called, "Hold a life net! Hold a life net!" There was a rush for the life net. The crowd were calling for the boy to jump, when suddenly he disappeared.

Chief O'Malley ordered the ladders to be put up again, and in a moment he was at the top, a hook ladder in his hand. He caught the hook on the edge of the roof and climbed slowly up. After hunting around he found the boy, a huddled heap on the floor. He had been overcome by smoke.

Chief O'Malley lifted him softly and hurried back to the edge of the roof where the ladder hung—but the ladder was not there. He looked down; far, far below him was the life net. In a minute the building would fall. His arms and face were scorched. He knew he must jump.

A pause and he was sailing through the air, at a great speed. The life net grew nearer and nearer; suddenly all was dark.

O'Malley opened his eyes to see a young nurse in white, bending over him.

He looked at his hands, both were bandaged. He raised one to his head, and found that was bandaged also.

"Where is the boy?" asked O'Malley. "Is he all right?"

"Yes he is fine. He is out in the garden with his sister," said the nurse. "He sent you these." She was arranging a bunch of red and white roses in a china vase.

The roses were American Beauties. They were in a pretty vase that by the looks, O'Malley judged, had come from China. The vase sat in the middle of a white doily that was on a small table near the window.

"That sure was a daring rescue," said the nurse as she finished fixing the flowers.

"Oh, that is nothing," said O'Malley.

Just then the door opened and a small boy, with his head and hands bandaged like O'Malley's, entered the room.

He walked over to the bed and taking one of O'Malley's hands in his, he said, "When I am a man I am going to be chief of the fire department, and I am going to save a boy like you did."

O'Malley smiled at the little boy and said, "I am glad I did save you and I hope you make as good a chief as you are a boy."

"I guess I will, all right, 'cause I am going to be just like you," answered the boy as he pressed O'Malley's hand to his cheek.

Inez Smith, '27.

STUDY PERIOD THOUGHTS

Is this an idea which I have before me
 Reclining in my brain? Come let me grasp thee—
 I have thee not. I ask thee once again:
 Art thou not bewildering thought, capable
 Of being written as felt? Or art thou but
 A fragment of a dream—an unreal thing
 Proceeding from the over-crowded brain?
 But now to understand thee seems to be
 Not so difficult as before.
 Thou turnest me from the thing that I was doing
 For thou destroy'st all that I have done.
 My brain is made the fool o' the other senses
 Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still
 And now I can describe thee to the rest
 Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
 'Tis but this bad assignment which presents
 This to my mind and troubles me so much.

GRACE TOWLE, '25,

BECAUSE I LIKE TO

Some write for fame
 And some OH! shame
 Write just because they have to.
 Some find it work
 While some just shirk
 I write because I like to.

Some write good sense
 And earn much pence
 While some again just strive to.
 Let fame be shy
 And pass me by
 I'll write because I like to.

HAZEL EATON, '26.

OBEYING ORDERS

Eva Talmadge was a freshman in high school. All her spare time was spent in studying the little khaki book of the Girl Scouts. After Eva had learned the laws she would then be a tenderfoot, but she also had to learn to keep and obey the laws. Every week Eva would take a law and live up to it.

"Well, Eva, what law are you going to take this week?" said her mother one day.

"'A Girl Scout obeys orders,' Mother I think that will be an easy one. Don't you?" she asked.

Her mother did not answer her, for she knew Eva did not always do as she was told.

Two days passed and Eva lived up to her chosen law. On the third day after school she did not feel very well and when she came into the house, she kissed her mother and baby brother and went to lie down.

"Where are you going, Eva?" asked her mother. "I was going to ask you to take care of Buddy while I do an errand."

"Oh, Mother, I can't. I am tired. I worked hard today. Can't you take Buddy with you?" Eva replied.

"No, dear, he has a cold and I can not take him out," she said.

"Oh, I suppose I must," said Eva, and with much grumbling she took the baby from her mother's arms and sat down with him.

After her mother had gone Eva remembered her Scout law.

"Oh, dear," she thought. "I didn't live up to my law. What must Mother think of me. I know what I'll do. I'll put the baby to sleep and start the supper for Mother. Poor Mother must be tired."

Pretty soon little Buddy's head began to nod, and before Eva was aware of it, Buddy was asleep. She laid him in his crib and busied herself around the kitchen. She went into the dining room to set the table. On one side of the room Eva's coat was carelessly slung over the chair. On the davenport lay her book and lunch box.

"Oh, gracious! Buddy must have been fussy and this room isn't swept or picked up. They're all my things too," she added.

Eva swept and dusted the room and picked up her clothes. Then she went to the kitchen. When Mrs. Talmadge got home the table was set, the supper ready, and Buddy still asleep. Eva's mother thanked her and Eva felt that her little bit of work was greatly appreciated.

The rest of the week passed, and many times it was hard for Eva to keep her law, but she kept it through it all. At last Saturday night came. Movies. Eva had saved her money all the week without saying anything to anyone. Saturday night she had planned to go to the movies with her father.

"Eva," said Mrs. Talmadge, "Your father has bought two tickets for a special show. He and I are going together. I will fix Buddy so that he will be asleep and you won't have to bother with him, dear."

"Oh, Mother, I saved—" she started, then continued in a cheerful voice, "All right, Mother, that will be fine. I hope you and Dad have a fine time."

"Gee," said Eva to herself, "I almost forgot my law. I did want to see that picture though."

After supper when Buddy went to sleep, Eva sat down with a book and a box of candy to read. What happened Eva never knew but she woke up in the midst of flame and smoke. Eva remembered her scout instructions, "Keep Cool." The first thing she thought of was Buddy. Running to his room she saw the flames had not yet reached it. The stairway was cut off, and the windows were blazing.

"Oh, what will I do," she thought. "The basement. I can get out that way."

Wrapping Buddy in his blankets and then in a fire blanket, she started to the basement. Groping around in the dark, she at last found the bulkhead, and pushing it open she got out. Eva hurried across to Young's house and left Buddy there; then rung in the alarm. In a half an hour the fire was out with small damage to the house. Mr. and Mrs. Talmadge with Eva and Buddy were at the Young's home.

"Well, Mother, I don't know just how it happened but I think a coal from the fireplace fell out and set fire to the rug. The smoke must have awakened me. The stairway was cut off and the windows blazing; so I went the basement way and brought Buddy right over here. He was all wrapped up in his blankets, and I don't think he caught more cold."

"Well, Eva, you certainly lived up to your law this week, and if my little girl is always as cool in the face of danger, I shall be satisfied," said Mr. Talmadge.

A month passed and a special meeting of the Girl Scouts was called.

"I wonder what they have special for us tonight," said Eva to Esther Young.

"Gee! I don't know, Eva, but we will both know in a short while," Esther replied.

The meeting was called to order and the business soon disposed of. Then Miss Faire, the leader of the Girl Scouts got up to speak. She spoke of the night of the fire and of how Eva had saved the baby so quickly. At the conclusion of her speech she said:

"In order to show our appreciation to Miss Talmadge, we wish to present her with a medal. It is just a small token of our esteem to one who worked so quickly in the face of danger. Miss Eva Talmadge, come forward, please."

Eva got up and went to the platform. She was very much surprised and embarrassed. She took the medal and thanked the people; then resumed her seat.

Talking to her mother later that night Eva said, "Mother, I think I have learned lots of things this last month. Since I have

been a Girl Scout it comes easy to me to be cheerful, obey orders and to be neat. But at times it was hard wasn't it, Mother?"

And Mrs. Talmadge answered, "Yes, dear."

RUTH LAVANGE, '27.

BROTHERLY ADVICE

I was ordered up to the mountains for a vacation. My friend had a cabin up in the Rockies which she offered to let me use for a while. I hated the thoughts of going, but there are many things which are necessary, though not at all times desirable.

The week before I went, I began to pack. Oh, what work! My brother, who is very enthusiastic over out-of-door life, burst in on one of my terrible sieges and began to give some brotherly advice. Most of you girls blessed with brothers know what I mean when I say "brotherly advice."

"Say, where d'ya think you're goin' anyway? Atlantic City? Ya won't need all those things." Going over to my trunk, he muttered to himself, "Gosh, I guess she thinks she's got to vamp the birds and her Indian maid." Then in a louder tone, "Say, Sis, wha'cha bringin' all these things for? Let me tell you now, you don't need all these clothes. All you need is a pair of pants an' a shirt. You'll spoil these clothes. Gee, wha'cha takin' this tennis racquet for? Don'cha know you can't play up there." More rummaging. "Gee, wha'cha takin' this for? Don'cha know ya won't be able to wear this suit. Gee! What a color! Ya'll scare all the fishes out. Take your blue one that you had last year." More inspection. "Gee, Sis! Where d'ya think you're going, anyway, takin' all those shoes?"

After a few more minutes of careful inspection, he began sarcastically, "My dear sister, do you know what the woods are like? You won't find a first-class orchestra up there, that's one sure thing. I'm very certain the cook won't know how to make a Banana Steamboat, and I'm also very positive that you'll get kicked out if you bring all these clothes." Silence for a moment. How I wished he would get out! But of course he wouldn't.

"Say, Sis, wha'cha takin' these for? Silk stockings! My gosh! Say, Sis, haven't cha anything but silk ones? Haw, haw! Gee, whiz! Say, haven't you any other kind of a thing than this? I guess you'll catch a couple of whales with this bathing suit. Up there in the mountains the people wear a bathing suit for the purpose of swimming and if you wear anything like this, even the fishes will laugh at you. Ain'tcha got any good shoes? How far do you think you can walk with these simp'y shoes on? What's this pink stuff? Holy Moses! What did ya say ya called it, your linger—your linger—Oh, your linger somethin', I donna."

Finally I was so exasperated and annoyed by his continual "Say Sis—ete," that I turned around to see what he was doing.

Everything was on the floor and nothing in the trunk. I had spent a whole day making these things fit into the trunk, and to look at the mess that my dearly beloved brother had managed to compile in such a short time, made me want to cry. Instead, I said, "Look here, who is going on this trip, you or I?"

"Well, you are but—"

"Well, then, you *shut up!* Get out of here. I'll do my own packing. If anything goes wrong, I'll very kindly remember that you told me what to do."

Very firmly and not with the best of etiquette I pushed him toward the door.

I sympathize with all those poor girls who get unasked for "brotherly advice."

M. FORD, '25.

When something needs to be done or when something is desired, the only thing to do is to start on your own initiative to do what needs to be done, or to gain what is desired. If you wait for someone else to start, the task will never be done and nothing will ever be gained.

A good example of persevering in this manner and receiving a reward for it, is shown by the work of the boys of the Scituate High School. For various reasons, the Park Commissioners prohibited the playing of baseball on the Common. This action appeared very severe to the ball team, because there was no other good place to play ball. The field over near the North Scituate railroad station had not been used for three or four years and it would have been impossible to play ball on it. The Sand Hills ball field was being filled in with dirt and being put in condition for the summer season; so that was out of the question.

There was one field left and that was the field in back of the High School building. The part of the field used as the infield was not so bad but the surface of the rest of the field was broken by the jagged edges of rocks projecting three and four inches above the ground. To clear the field of rocks was going to be a big job, but no one thought it impossible. Volunteers were asked to bring shovels, crowbars, and pickaxes to dig out the rocks; and before long about thirty shovels were making the dirt fly. Most of the rocks were bigger than was supposed, some of them weighing nearly a ton. After the dirt was dug from around each rock a rope about seventy-five feet long was hitched to it, and from sixty to seventy boys took hold of the rope and pulled the rock out.

After three weeks of periodical work, most of the rocks had been drawn out, but the field was so dug up that it would take some time to make it good enough for a ball field. With the first game of the season only a week away, the question of a ball field was seriously discussed.

In the meantime, the people of the town had become interested

in the question, because they saw that the pupils were really in earnest and were willing to work for what they wanted. They finally prevailed upon the Park Commissioners to remove the restriction for this season at least, and now the Common is again being used as a ball field.

All this goes to show what may be gained by trying to get along with the best that may be had.

JAMES DWYER, '24.

"WHEN I WAS A BOY"

"I call it downright destructiveness," said the father of a sixteen year old boy. "When I was a boy, we used to have spelling matches to keep us out of mischief. When a boy can't keep a watch a week without taking it apart to see what makes it go, or can't stop from unwinding the doorbell coils and the like; he certainly is destructive." And so the father raves on while his son sits in a straight-backed chair trying to look repentant.

Spelling matches! Who can imagine a bunch of fellows now days sitting down to have a spelling match. I can't for one. Can you?

It's always, "When I was a boy we did this and we did that." A father like that should reason the matter out. When he was a boy, were autos as numerous as people; were there submarines; were there great bird-like machines in the air; and was there such a thing as radio? How could he even mention a mere spelling match with these?

Boys of nowadays are older for their age than they were in the last century. Did the boys of then dismantle an engine and put it back so it ran? They didn't even understand what a crank shaft was.

The best thing to do is give a boy a chance in what he likes best. Instead of buying him a ticket to an opera or lecture, give him permission to get five dollars' worth of material at the electric store. Without doubt he'll come home with a phone, some coils, a tube and some other pieces of apparatus.

Some night he'll shout, "Hey! Come here quick. Run!"

When you reach his room, he'll clamp the phones on your head, and you'll lean back in a chair in solid comfort listening to a concert by the New York Symphony Orchestra.

Then you'll have to admit it's much more interesting than Greek or law. And before you know it you'll have a five tube neutrodyne in your home and you'll begin bragging at the office about "What I got last night." You probably won't admit that your boy started it, and under difficulties, too, but way down deep in your heart you'll be proud that he's your boy.

ROBERT GARDNER, '25.



A bald-headed man likes to tell of the hair breadth escapes he has had.

"Say Sally! Is Dot Hammond a blonde or a brunette? I can't seem to remember."

"She is a decided blonde."

"Why decided?"

"Oh! I was there the night she decided."

E. Barry: "Got an (e)raiser?"

G. Cole: "No, I haven't, but Bob Gardner has."

Mr. Bragdon: "When you have finished your lecture, bow gracefully and leave the platform on tiptoe."

Mr. Martin: Why on tiptoe?"

Mr. Bragdon: "So as not to awaken your audience."

Cop: "Prisoner, did you steal that rug?"

Pris: "No, yer honor, a lady gave it to me and told me to beat it and I did."—*Punch Bowl.*

Fresh: "Who is the smallest man in the world?"

Soph: "I give up."

Fresh: "Why, the Roman soldier who sleeps on his watch."

Tucker: "I won ten bucks at poker last night."

Torrey: "Honestly?"

Tucker: "Now don't ask any foolish questions."

Mr. Norton: "Is this the fire department?"

Fire Chief: "Yes, what do you want?"

Mr. Norton: "How far is it to the nearest alarm box? My laboratory is on fire and I must turn in the call at once."

"The hardest task a teacher has," remarked Mr. Martin, "is putting abstract facts into concrete heads."



We acknowledge the following exchanges with grateful appreciation:

Kennett Kommett, Conway, N. H. You made a fine beginning for your first issue.

The Enterprise, West Roxbury, Mass. Where are your exchanges?

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